

# Make 'Em Say Uhh!

Master P

No Limit Studios, whassup? Who dis is? Who dis is?  
Nigga, this rappin' 4-Tay, who is this? Oh dis P  
P? Yeah dis P, P? Yeah, well if this P, lemme hear ya say uhh!  
This ain't no motherfuckin' P! Man, hang the phone up

Uhh! Na, nah na nah  
Make 'em say, uhh  
(Uhh!)  
Na, nah, na, nah  
(Na, nah, na, nah)

Nigga, I'm the colonel of the motherfuckin' tank  
Y'all after big thangs, we after big bank  
3rd Ward hustlas, soldiers in combats  
Convicts and dealers, and killers with tru tats

Never gave a fuck 'bout no hoes on our riches  
And niggaz come short, I'm diggin' ditches  
M.P. pullin' stripes, commander-in-chief  
And fools run up wrong, nigga I'm knockin' out some teeth

I'm down here slangin', rollin' with these hustlers  
Tryin' to get rid of all you haters and you bustas  
Steppin' on cold, break a niggaz nose  
In the projects niggaz anything goes  
Breakin' fools off 'cause I'm a No Limit soldier at ease  
Now salute, this pass me the doja

Make 'em say, uhh  
(Uhh!)  
Na, nah, na, nah  
(Na, nah, na, nah)

Make 'em say, uhh  
(Uhh!)  
Na, nah, na, nah  
(Na, nah, na, nah)

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Na, nah, na, nah  
(Na, nah, na, nah)

Fiend exercisin' this right, of exorcism bustin' out the expedition  
Bullets choppin' haters business to about the size of prisms our mission  
They heard we scary, No Limit mercenary  
No tellin' how bad it get, because the worst'll vary

I heard you make 'em worry, that this for the loot  
They intimidated by the rounds that the tank shoot  
Tank Dogs salute! Every robbery in store  
'Cause they know everything Fiend know

Mean mo' money mo' little Fiend still want the greens  
The cornbread and the cabbage in your hood  
Remindin' you bitches of who the baddest  
Definitely the maddest, so the crime gon' stick 'em up

My uhh went twice  
(Uhh, uhh)  
And ended with nine, get 'em

Make 'em say, uhh  
(Uhh!)  
Na, nah, na, nah  
(Na, nah, na, nah)

Make 'em say, uhh  
(Uhh!)  
Na, nah, na, nah  
(Na, nah, na, nah)

P gon' make ya say uhh, I'ma make you say ow  
I'm not Eric B but guaranteed to move this motherfuckin' crowd  
I stay on like light switches, money, 'cause I like riches  
Hittin' nothin' but tight bitches, call me, I might hit ya

Nigga make 'em say nah-nah-nah, don't trip  
After I bust yo' shit, then after that say na, nah, nah, nah  
I hang with niggaz, I do my thang with niggaz  
(Uhh!)

They wanna know if I gangbang  
'Cause I hang with a whole gang of niggaz  
So when, we connect bitch better respect this, I step quick  
'Cause I got a vicious right hand but ya know what? My left is quick!

Silkk, you the type of nigga that promotes violence?  
You might be right 'cause I'll step in the club and say somethin'  
To get that motherfucker start to fightin'  
(Bout it!)

Bad as vogues, I'm cold, extra see through  
PG never fuckin' knockin' niggaz  
'Cause I make 'em all see 3-D  
And P-D's the game that I spit, No Limit Soldiers got my back

I run this motherfucker, TRU niggaz  
And I, betcha y'all niggaz ya say, "Bet!"

Make 'em say, uhh  
(Uhh!)  
Na, nah, na, nah  
(Na, nah, na, nah)

Make 'em say, uhh  
(Uhh!)  
Na, nah, na, nah  
(Na, nah, na, nah)

We capitalize and monopolize on everything  
We see keep pistols drawn and cocked  
We got the industry locked, we can't be stopped, too hot  
Check the spots that we got on Billboard

This Tank can set up roadblocks, we fadin' all you hoes  
Want some mo? Then let's go, stretch you out like elastic  
Zip that ass up in plastic, have ya folks pickin' caskets  
We drastic, our tactics is homegrown in the ghetto

So feel the wrath of this sista, it's like you fightin' 10 niggaz

Forget the baby boys, it's the biggest mamma Mia  
The Unlady Like diva, lyrical man eater  
Believe her or see her, and get that ass embarrassed

If you're a decision maker, guaranteed you'll get carried away  
So stay in yo' place, when ya hear mamma speakin'  
Cannon spray, clear the way, when ya see The Tank creepin'

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(Uhh!)  
Na, nah, na, nah  
(Na, nah, na, nah)

Make 'em say, uhh  
(Uhh!)  
Na, nah, na, nah  
(Na, nah, na, nah)

Hi, I'm that nigga that rap and stick-up Joe  
When they won't know how to do it  
You could be the little bitty skinny motherfucker  
With the braids in his hair usin' limos and choppers too

I done paid my dues, but still played the blues  
Nigga play me like you was scared to lose  
I'm still a fool, you ain't heard the news  
I was a No Limit nigga, makin' major moves

I won't stop now, bitch, I can't stop  
You can't stop me, so bitch don't try  
We, we tru soldiers, we don't die  
We keep rollin', na, nah, nah, nah, nah

All aboard, bitch it's like a choir inside  
The group goin' hallelujah  
Niggaz goin' to war, got to fightin' and shootin' inside rumors  
Bitches be sayin' he there, we there, beware!

C there, Silkk there, Fiend there, Mamma there, P there  
Ain't no salary cap, on top of my dollars  
I roll with nothin', but them No Limit riders  
I gets down nigga, I hold my tank up high  
Watch how many bitches get wild, na, nah, na, nah

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